THE ATHEIST.

He walks the rounded earth with cold disoraves the love of Heaven, nor dreads the pain dark perdition — proud, self-righteous,

vain,
He swas no lord, nor human, nor D vine,
And dwells contented on the lower line,
Raises his implous voice in unbellet,
Proclaims himself of all mankind the chief.
A perfect model, knowing nought of grief,
Like the dumb brute he lives beneath the sky,
And like the brute, at last, expects to die
And orumble in the grave, without a hope
That fairer scenes than these for him will

when on his couch he draws his latest breath. And earthly joys are swallowed up by death

O, foolish mortai! Boasting, willful man!
Ages before the little life began,
lion greater far than thee did here exist.
Who could not nature a fixed decrees resists.
They felt their littleness, and humbly trod
fhis rolling sphere, and to Jehovah bowed.
Thou'rt but a speck in this great universe.
And on thy head now rests a burning currer,
Unites thou gneelest in contrition where
The humblest creature of thy fallen race
Forgivoness asks and seeks his Maker's face.

There'il come a time—the great day of the And of its coming thou canst not afford To be in ignorance when thou shalt see That sublunary things shall cease to be; The stars shall fall, the lower heavens dis-

And on its axis earth cease to revolve.
The sun be dark, the moon become as blood,
And fire decend, aquick-devouring flood;
Like the unwinding of a mighty scroll.
Created matter far away shall roil,
With awful speed, and with terrific roar.
Back to eternity, and he no more;
The elements shall melt with forvent heat—
The elements shall melt with forvent heat—
These where, C, where I shall be thy safe re-

Thou't call upon the mountains to conceal Thou't call upon the mountains to conceal Thy pairty solf, and tremulously feel God's sore displeasure, ask the inshing sea To hide thee from the wrath of Delty.

And, as thou shun's the great Creator's face Find nowhere for thy soul a resting-place.

Down! quickly down upon repentant knees.
Lest thou drink God's hot anger to the less;
Bend in submission to the King of Heaves.
And beg that thy high sins may be forgiven!
6, let me point thee to the Lamb of God,
He who, alone, the ruddy wine-press trod;
Upon the cruel cross He freely bled.
Took all thy sins on His devoted bead;
And new He offers thee His pardoning love,
True joy on earth, unfading bliss above,
where thou may st join the sons of giorious
tone. Around the blessed, Everlasting Throne.

—Dell Nobiff, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Sunday-School Lessons.

FORGOT TO PROVIDE.

The Parable of the Wise and the Foolish Virgins Brought Into the Present Life and Applied Practically.

Old as the world but fresh as the sunrise of this morning is the truth that we can not get back the past. We can not live our lives over again and leave out of them our sins and follies. We all know this, and yet how faintly and languidly we realize it! The foolish virgina who forgot to put oil in their lamps, and remembered only when it was too late, are types of mankind in worldly and spiritual things alike. It requires sense and forethought to live in a world where men must fill betimes their own lamps, or be excluded from many a feast of life. The record does not tell us on whom the foolish virgins laid the blame of their failure; but exlaid the blame of their failure; but experience warrants the presumption that they did not wholly exonerate the wise maidens, whose answer: "We have not enough for both," seems to many men a harsh answer at the very best, perhaps to some an utterly selfish answer; but the case is meant to describe indivisible and incommunication. We would select our own goal to the content of the Next Step.

The Divine method of working is commonly not our method. We would have all the way before us flooded with light; but God chooses that there be light for us to take the next step only. ble possessions, and in that light a great deal of practical wisdom shines out of the parable. No man can give path to reach that goal; but God his oil to another in any proper sense of impartation, for "oil" here means something which has taken possession of one's nature and become a part of himself; and even when the oil is an external possession it is often of no real use without an inward habit and grace which has acquired it and is using it. Of what use is, to take a using it. Of what use is, to take a strong case, a free pardon to an unrestrong case, a free pardon case, a f himself; and even when the oil is an cise evil and self-imposed misfortune of all sinners this—that they do not use a free pardon? Of any "oil" it may be said that in order to its use one

tion: to give a man a competence is ordi-narily impossible. It will not be a competence to him, because he does not know how to make it such. The power to use money comes, when it comes, in the process of acquiring it. It does not always come even then; but the proverb "Quick got, quick lost" does tell a truth, and many a boy has oil given him from others' lamps which does not admit him to the bridegroom's wedding feast. Much of the perplexity of benevolent men comes from the foolishness of the vigins who cry for oil, having none in their lamps. How shall the oil of another's lamp produce illumination in yours? He can not put your possession because duce illumination in yours? He can not put your possession, because you do not know how to possess. The breadth, the awful breadth, of personal responsibility for personal welfare is seldom comprehended by any of us. Sometimes a light shines out of Heaven and shows us for some bitterly penitential moments how all our fallure and sorrow have been made by ourselves; but for the most part we stand outside the shut door of the bridegroom and complain of the selfishness of those wise wirgins who would not divide their oil with us. "If A and B and C had given us what they might have given, we should have been saved." Ah! but that other "if." Why is not it the perfect expanation? "If we had put oil in our own lamps," we should not be wailing outside the doors of the marriage feast. He who thinks so may still be shut out; but there may be in practical life other chances to improve the lesson—go and buy oil.

There is an open market for the oil

the bridegroom cometh?" The sadness of the case of the foolish virgins is not that they are without oil, not that they can not be given oil from the lamps of the wise virgins, but that they neglect to yo and buy. It is sin in the foolish, not hardness in the wise, which makes the case what it is in sad desperateness.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

LIVING CLOSE TO GOD.

The Secret of the Steady Spiritual In-fluence of Many Humble Christian Lives.

We can probably recall certain people of our acquaintance who, without making any noisy pretensions to holimaking any noisy pretensions to holiness, are yet very steady in their gait, and shine with a very steady luster; they are not "revolving lights," but constant burners. Sometimes they are very plain people; their spiritual influence is far out of proportion to their talents or culture or socal advantages, but their superior brightness is from the same cause that makes Mars and Venus so bright in the evening sky; those planets revolve very near the sun. Stupendous Saturn and Neptune make no abow in the heavens on account of their remoteness from the light-giver. A very humble Christian may be a burning and a shining light may be a burning and a shining light in the community if his heart-orbit lies close to Jesus. He reflects Christ in his daily conduct. He can draw others to God, because he dwells himself in the atmosphere of the Divine power. Pastor, do you wonder why it is that Pastor, do you wonder why it is that sometimes you are powerless to move hearts, or to win any souls to the Saviour? It may be because you are living so far away from God, that you are spiritually unmagnetized, and have lost all connection with the Almighty Source of strength. No father or mother can do any thing for the con-version of their children, no Sundayschool teacher any thing for the salva-tion of his or her class, while they are living out of fellowship with Christ. In common with hundreds of others,

In common with hundreds of others, I have been visiting the garden of a Mr. C—— in this city, to see a century plant which is now in bloom. Within a few weeks it has shot up from a moderate-sized shrub to a stalk thirty feet high; it has sent forth two dozen branches, on the ends of which are several hundreds of minute yellew flowers. That aloe plant has been in Mr. C——'s garden for many a long year, but it never attracted my attention before. In a few days the brief blossoms will have drupped off, and then for any will have dropped off, and then for an-other century it will sink again into insignificance; but the neighboring geraniums and rose-bushes which ower out every season are worth an army of periodical monsters which can be admired only once in a lifetime. There are too many church members who are like that aloe: their every-day appearance is very unattractive, and it appearance is very unattractive, and it is only on very rare and extraordinary occasions that they show any blossoms of Godliness. This world will not be converted by century-plant Christians any sooner than the skies will be steadily lighted by comets. The great demand of the times is for men and women who live near to God. The demand is not for fitful, spasmodic efforts, but for the steady power of Christianlike Christians, who keep the commandments, and who draw the sinning and suffering toward Christ, because they suffering toward Christ, because they dwell so close to Christ themselves. Unto such He reveals Himself as He does not unto the world. The Mfting power of the church increases directly in the ratio of its connection with the Source of all light and love and strength and holiness.—Dr. Cuyler.

chooses that our goal and our path be of his appointing. And God's method is better than ours, whatever we may think about it. It is better to walk cient strength, in all our life struggles. The noblest characters of earth have their sources in an unwavering trust in God; and the greatest victory to be achieved in this world is the victory must have made some preparation; have, in fact, gone to them that sell and bought it.

Who can give his skill, his learning, his faithfulness, or his faith to another man? At the hour when either is needed there is no sound advice but to "go and buy." There is a closer application: to give a man a competence is ordinated in this world is the victory over self, in order that this trust in God may be perfected. We can never have true mastery, until we know how to serve willingly. We should, therefore, not merely think it a duty to give our lives into God's keeping, but we should regard it as a privilege that we can submit ourselves to God for help and guidance day by day.—S. S. Times. and guidance day by day. -S. S. Times

## CHOICE SELECTIONS. .

-Religion in the heart does not re move the necessity of constant watchfulness. - Baptist Weekly.

-The man who can not mind his own business is not to be trusted with the King's .- Saville.

—I will challenge any one on the face of the earth to find any reason for not loving God.—D. L. Moody. -To do our work well, or to be careless in doing it, are as much dif-

ferent as working hard is from being

—There is nothing by which I have through life more profited than by the just observations, the good opinions and sincere and gentle encouragement of amiable and sensible women.—Sir

-If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well directed labor. Nothing is ever to be obtained without it.—Sir J. Reynolds. —I find that when the saints are under trials and well humbled, little sins raise great ories in the conscience; but in prosperity conscience is a pope, that gives dispensations and great latitude to our hearts.—Samuel Rutherford.

—Grecian mythology said that the

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

International Sunday-School Lesson for October 10, 1886.
[Specially arranged from S. S. Quarterly.]
John 18: 23-40; commit verses 35-36.
28. Then led they Jesus from Calaphas unto the ball of judgment; and it was early; and they themselves went not into the judgment hall, lest they should be dealed; but that they might eat the passover.
29. Pilate then went out unto them, and said: What accusation bring ye against this man?

26. Pilate then went out unto them, and said: What accusation bring ye against this man?

30. They answered and said unto him: If He were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered Him up unto thee.

31. Then said Pilate unto them: Take ye Him, and judge Him according to your law. The Jews therefore said unto him: It is not lawful for us to put any man to death:

25. That the saying of Jesus might be fulfilled, which He spake, signifying what death He should die.

37. Then Pilate entered into the judgment hall again, and called Jesus, and said unto Him: Art Thou the King of the Jews?

36. Jesus answered him: Nayes thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell lithce of me?

37. Pilate answered: Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered Thee unto mo: what hast Thou done?

38. Jesus answered: My kingdom is not of this world; if My kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is My kingdom not from hence.

37. Pilate therefore said unto Him: Art Thou a King, then? Jesus answered: Thou asyest that I should bear witness unto the the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth My cloce.

38. Pilate and unto Him: What is truth? And when he had said this, he went eut again unto the Jews, and aside unto them: I find in Him no fault et oil.

39. But ye have a custom, that I should release unte you one at the passover; will ye therefore that I release unto you the King of the Jews.

40. Then oried they again, saying: Not this man, tut Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber.

TIME-From five to six o'clock, Friday norning, April 7, A. D. 30.

PLACE-Pilate's palace. Either in Herod's palace in northwest angle of Zion, or castle Antonia, north of the temple. Parallel History-Matt. 26:57 to 37:26; Mark 14:65 to 15:15; Luke 23:63 to 23:24.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES-Order of Event HELPS OVER HARD PLACES—Order of Events—
—(1) Mockery by the Servants. In the court of Caiaphas' palace, three to five o'clock Fritay morning (Matt. 26:57-58; Mark 14:65; Luke 21:63-65). (2) The Sanbedrim reassembled at daybreak to condemn Jesus. Council chamber, five o'clock (Matt. 27:1); because their former matting was investigated. o'clock (Matt. 27:1); because their former meeting was irregular, and they could not pronounce sentence till daybreak. 3 Jesus sent to Pilate. Pilate's palace, five to half-past five a. m. (v. 28). (4) Pilate's interview with the Jews outside the Palace (vz. 28 to 33). 28. East the passoner: the festive meals of the day. 31. Judge Him according to your last and of course inflict the punishments allowed—excommunication, scourging, etc. 32. The saying: chap. 12:32. What death: or what manner of death. The Roman mode of execution by crucifixion. We learn from Luke 23:2 that they now accused Jesus of fomenting sedition among the people, of interfering with the tribute paid Cæsar and of treasonably giving Himself out as Christ, a King—all of which they knew to be false. (5) Pilate examines Jesus. Inside the palace, about six o'clock see chap. 19:14), vz. 33-38. 34. Sayest thos of see chap. 19:14), vs. 33-38. 34. Sayest thou of thustif: if he made the charge, it would be that Jesus had setup a kingdom like Rome, and in rebellion against it. To this Jesus would answer No. If the Jews made the charge it would be that He claimed to be charge it would be that He claimed to be the Messiah, who was really only a spirit-ual king. To this He would say Yes, as He did. 87. To this end: to be a King. (6) Pliate's Second Conference with the Jew-ish Leaders. Outside his palace (v. 3; Matt. 27: 12:14). (7) Pilate sends Jesus to Herod. Herod's palace, early Friday morning (Luke 23:5:12). Here Jesus was mocked again. (3) Pilate makes the Jewmorked again. (8) Pilate makes the Jews decide (vs. 39, 40; Matt. 27: 15-29, 40. Barabbas: a kind of brigand, who had made an insurrection against the Roman power, and was hailed as a here by the

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH JESUS! This is a question every person must answer, "What shall I do with this Jesus!" (1) Every person must do something with Jesus. He must accept or reject Him. (2) Some try to escape this decision: (a) by refusing to decide, but that is deciding against Him; (b) by substitution of other virtues in the place of believing in Christ; (c) by laying the blame on others, on circumstances, on temptations; (d) but it is all in vain. (3) To reject Christ is to reject se sum and soul of all goodness. (4) Re jecting Christ is the great sin of the world. 5) Christ is rejected from wrong and sel-

GOLDEN TEXT-I find in Him no fault at all.-John 18:38. CENTRAL TRUTH—Each person must de cide what he will do with Josus.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS. . A bad conscience is shown by its fastidiousness as to ceremonies, but dulines as to wrongs. 2. God compels men unconsciously

fulfill His word. What they do to injure and destroy His kingdom and His truth. He changes into a belp. 8. The kingliest men and causes are sometimes treated with contempt, as re-

forms, truths, rights.

4. They are ridiculed through misrepre sentation and misunderstanding of their nature and aims. 5. Jesus Christ is not only your Saviour,

out your King. 6. Sincere seekers after truth will find Jesus Christ. 7. To each one is presented the choice Christ or the world.

8. To choose Christ is to choose rightsousness, love, God, truth, happiness,

9. To choose the world is to choos pleasure, selfishness, sin, defeat, sorrow, eternal death. REVIEW EXERCISE.

 What took place after the examination before Caiaphas and the leaders! Ans.

Jesus was mocked and ridiculed. 2.

What was done next! Ans.—He was condemned to death by the Sanhedrim, early Friday morning. 3. Where was He then taken? ANS.—To Pontius Pilate, the Governor. . What did he de! Axs.-He examined Jesus, and found Him innocent.

5. What choice did the people make! Ana.

"Not this man, but Barabbas."

—"Not this man, but Barabbaa."

—"Tes." said a physician to the Dakota man, "your wife is quite badly hurt." "I know it doe, hanged if I don't. You see it was just this way: I was talking to a feller about that bay hoss of mine and had jest got a trade fixed up and was tellin him how I never see it kick, when my wife came out where we were to call me for dinner, and blamed if the hoss didn't blaze away at her and kick her over thirty feet. I tell you, doe, it jest sp'iled that trade inside of half a minute, and I don't s'pose, now that everybody has heerd of it, that I can get another chance in this whole neighborhood."—Estellins (D. T.) Bell.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE STORY OF MISS SELF. A long time ago—runs the tale— There was a young girl—a Miss Self, Who lived in a beautiful vale, Then haunted by fairy and elf.

She never took part in the play Of other young girls in the town, But stood in the haughtiest way, And answered their words with a frown.

She never gave help to the poor, She never the sick would attend, She cared not a friend to secure. She borrowed but never would lend. She pored over books about Kings
And Queens in their grandeur and state,
With diamonds and laces and rings,
Till she grew her poor cottage to hate.

She read how a King left his throne And woodd in disguise a poor maid; She wished such a chance were her own, And prayed for it, too, when she prayed.

One day she had wandered alone Afar from her home to a wood, And nobody cared she had gone. For she never did any one good. While deep in the forest she strolled, She came to a wonderful gate. All shinns with silver and gold, And within it a lordly cetate.

The place looked so charming and bright, she ventured to walk in its bowers, And nobody being in sight, She gathered a bouquet of flowers.

Then, hastily turning to go,

Khe saw at the gate a fleroe guard;

"And who may you be, I would know,"
Said be, as her exit he barred.

Then quick, with a lic on her tongue, She haughtlip said: "Stand aside! I'm the Princess De Self!" but he swung The gate tightly shut as he cried: "Ho! ho! Then 'tis here you should stay,
For I am the Emperor Me:
To take but not give is my way...
My gate opens inward, you see.

"Til make you sa elf and my Queen— You've earned well the honor, I own; Devoted to self as you've been, "Tis right you should share in my throne

Then placing his crown on her head, A glittering ring on her hand, "Now this is your empire," he said, "The Queen of the Never-give Land!"

But alsa, for her empire and throne! Alsa for its bonors so grand! That moment its glamour had flown, Dispelled by the touch of his hand.

The crown was a foel's paper thing: The jewels were fragments of glass: The gold was but timed; the ring Was only a circlet of brass! The flowers in the garden so fair

And never again to the town Came she, but passes the hours At Castle De Me, with her crown Of tinsel and odorless flowers.

But you may a Queen be indeed, With riches that never cau fly; You can win it, if you will take heed And the charm that I give you apply.

Don't follow Miss Self, who was blind, But make this your motto in youth: "Most queenly is she who is kind— Most royal of graces is Truth!" —Golden Rule.

LAWRIE'S COURAGE. The "Good Care" Which He Took of His Little Sister.

Were there ever two such handsome children? Mrs. Graham felt sure that this query could be answered in the negative, as, on that bright June morning, she gave Elsie the last kiss, and Lawrence the oft-repeated injunction: "Take good care of your little sister,

Lawrie looked fully equal to the charge if bravery alone were necessary to its fulfillment. The sun never shone upon curls that were tossed back with a bolder air; while his hands were thrust into his trousers' pockets with a jaunty defiance before which the mightiest foe must have trembled.

"Oh, I'll take care of her, mamma; never you fear. I'll bring her back safely."
"Very well, Sir Launcelot," said mamma, with a smile which would look the least bit proud in spite of her-

self, "only remember that bravery consisteth not in boasting."

Very gayly the little lad and lassie started forth. It was Susie Brown's birthday, and they were to have the honor of going, all alone, to the party. It was such an unusual distinction that Lawrie began casting about in his small mind what he could do to impress Elsie with the fact that he was

aurrying her, panting and breathless, to the steep bank which led to the

track. Ah! if mamma had only been upon that side of the house. But she was in her own room, getting ready for a trip into town, and her windows faced the other way. I wonder if Lawrie re-membered that fact.

"Oh, no, no, Lawrie!" cried Elsie, shrinking back. "I'm 'fraid of the cars. Don't let's go on the track." Ob, pshaw! Girls is so seart," said Sir Launcelot, scornfully; "'fraid of their own shadows. I'm glad I ain't one. I thought, though, you was different from the rest. Now where's the harm of our walkin' on the track? We'll get to Susie's as quick again, and you heard mamma say we'd be

"Y-e-s-but she didn't say we could go on the track, and I most know she wouldn't let us. It ain't safe. How do you know which track to take." "Pooh! you goosie! That's easy enough. When you see a train comin' jump on the other track of course.

"But s'pose there's two trains?"
"Well there won't be; but even if word the well-remembered tale.—
"Youth's Companion. there is can't we run up the bank? See here!" And our here was half way down and back again in a twinkling.
"Oh, Lawrie! How dirty you've got your shoes, and goin' to a party too!"

"Never mind the shoes. Are you goin' this way or not?" "But, Lawrie, there's the big rocks.

Sposin' 'I shan't stay here all day a-sposin' "I shan't stay here all day a-sposin' things. I shall go on the track. If you want to go round the road all alone, you can. But mamma said I should take care of you. If you won't let me, all right I can't help it." And the young knight turned away with that deeply injured air which his elder brothers, under like circumstances, sometimes find so effective.

"Oh, wait, Lawrie! I'll go, I'll go, only do be careful."
"Well, I thought you'd be sensible," was the magnanimous reply. "Of course, I'll be careful. Here, let me help you down the bank. Now ain't this nicer than the old road?"

merrily as Lawrie's own. Not one fear did she feel until she found herself nearing the steep rock cutting which all the children called the "big rocks." Elsie had often stood upon its summit, for the columbine grew thickly there, and it was a favorite resert. She had naver failed to look sort. She had never failed to look down its steep sides with a thrill of terror, and now that she found herselt actually about to enter this mysteri-ous precinct, something of the old fear returned.

Just then a cattle train, which they had heard lumbering behind them, came so near that Lawrie considered it prudent to step upon the other track. I think he had kept purposely upon the track of the train, that he might have the pleasure of saying grandly as they left it: "There, ain't that easy now?" At all events, he said it, and Elsie looked at him with reverential admiration. She never

doubted his heroism—not she'

It was a long train—they were nearly through the cutting, and still there seemed no end to the brown cars, filled with stifling, lowing cattle. They were so confused by the noise that they heard no other sound nor did they have the slightest warning of approaching danger, until swift from around a sudden curve, they saw coming, down upon them with the speed of the wind, the lightning express!

"Oh, Elsie! Elsie! Elsie!" cried Law-

"Oh, Elsie! Elsie!" cried Lawrie, with a white face, as he danced up and down in an ecstacy of terror.

One terrille glance the little maiden cast around. No help on the right—for there was the steep rock; no help on the left—for there was the passing train; no help in front, with that fiery monster bearing down upon them; no time to run back!

She said afterward that it seemed as

She said afterward that it seemed as if she stood there "a million years," but, in reality in far less time than it has taken me to tell the story, she had grasped her frantic brother by the arm, fairly dragging him into the narrow path between the tracks, and crying: "Lie down, Lawrie, lie down!" they had thrown themselves upon their faces, and in that very instant had felt the mighty whirlwind ruth of the passing train.

"Oh, dear me!" were Elsie's first words, as she once more stood up-right; "if I haven't just ruined my new

But Lawrie did not think of his clothes-not he! He sat down upon the track, and cried and cried, while Elsie, very much astonished, stood by and tried to comfort him "Come on," he said at last, "let's go home I don't want to go to no old

"Shall we go this way?" asked Elsie,

timidly.

"No: I never want to see the mean old track again. Let's go back a piece till you can crawl up the bank and get to the road," and very solemnly our brave knight marched homeward, with hardly a word to the little dead, with hardly a word to the little damsel who trotted so meekly by his side.

Papa and mamma were not yet at home, so it was not until they were gathered around the supper table that they listened to the story which Law

rie, whose spirks were wonderfully re-vived, told so fluently.

Mamma clasped her little daughter very closely in her arms, and papa's eyes were misty as he asked: "How came you to think of lying down, my darling." darling."
"Oh, I remembered a story I heard

you read once," said Elsie, as if "re-membering" under such circumstances was, of all things, the simplest. "Well, Sir Launcelot, and who do you think has proved the brave knight to-day?" was papa's next question, but

very gravely.

Oh, I suppose Elsie was, in one way, but you see it took me so sudden. You know I never can think, papa and besides I wasn't one bit afraid to go on the track, and Else was. erine Stevenson, in Montreal Witness.

Anniversary of a Bell.

The busy city of Breslau, in Prussis found time recently to celebrate the five hundredth birthday of a church bell. A tragic story of the easting of this bell has kept it famous throughout "taking care of her." Just at the foot Germany for a longer period than has of their broad grounds ran the railelapsed since the discovery of America.

road track, and they were hardly out of mamma's sight before a brilliant idea flashed upon Lawrie's mind.

"Come on, Elsie. Turn around; I'll show you a new way to Susie's." he cried, seizing the little girl's hand, and hyerving her, panting and breathless. charge of a boy, warning him not to meddle with the apparatus. The boy disobeyed the injunction and set the metal running. Terrified, he called metal running. Terrified, he called the founder, who, on seeing the mis-chief, supposing the bell ruined, struck

the boy to the earth and killed him. When the metal cooled and the bell was tried, it was found to be of admirable tone and finish—the founder's masterpiece. Stricken with remorse, he gave himself up to the magistrate, and was condemned to expiate his crime by death. He walked to the place of execution to the tolling of his own bell, calling upon all the people to pray for "the poor sinner." The bell has ever since borne the name of the

Poor Sinner's Bell. At that early period Breslau was a country village of little note. It has now grown to be the seat of the linen manufacture of silesia, and next to Berlin, the largest city of Prussia. The anniversary of the founding of the Poor Sinner's Bell was not forgotten, however. The bell was rung morning and evening, and the pastor of the church preached a sermon in honor of the occasion, in which he told once

Ashamed of His Name.

"See that fellow standing over there?" said a citizen of Little Rock, addressing a stranger. "Yes. "

"Biggest fool I ever saw."
"In what way?"
"I'll tell you. His name is Lige Coffin. He used to be an unassuming, hard-working fellow and people respected him, but a few weeks ago he made a few thousand dollars in a little speculation. Since then he has be-come a different man. He is vain, and is ashamed of his name. Don't want us to call him Coffin any more. 'Don't eh?'

"No, he is so high toned now that he insists upon being called Mr. Metalic Case."—Arkansaw Traveler.

-From Charlotte, N. C., comes the help you down the bank. Now ain't this nicer than the old road?"

It was nice. Elsie could not deny it. There was a wild excitement in jumping sleepers and walking rails. The banks were starred with daisies and buttercups; while bobolink's wild song made all the air palpitate with its maddening mirth. It was just the kind of a day to make one a heroand the very air was intoxicating—and the little girl's laugh soon rang out as deed in four days.

—From Charlotte, N. C., comes the story that a citizen of that place lately visited a nest where a goose was busily engaged hatching out eggs and was colling itself around the bird. His snakeship had swallowed the eggs, being found unbroken, were placed under the goose, which hatched them into goslings, which all had blood-red eyes and died in four days.



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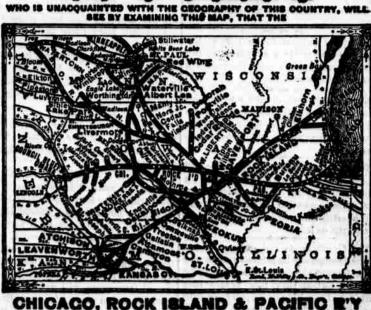
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